



The Acorn



Vol. XV.

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No. 3

Second Semester Rolls On

By T. FITZGERALD

Freshmen have experienced the shock of finals for the first time in their college career. Senior Secondaries have given up their enviable positions "behind the desk" and have been forced to switch from lesson plans to book outlines, term papers, and most difficult of all, the taking of tests. The United States launched its first satellite. Miss Smith retrieved all her library books. The Junior Elementaries are out teaching and the Sophomores, . . . the Sophomores . . . well, they're still studying. The school has settled into stride and everything is proceeding smoothly. But now is the time that the students' two greatest enemies, complacency and procrastination strike. This is the time to ease off a bit on the studying, to let that paper wait a while, or I'll start those maps over vacation. This is not meant to be a philosophical dissertation on the study habits of the average collegian but a frank presentation of fact based on experience and the opinions of numerous faculty members. The major cause of a drop in grades or failure of a second semester course is a lack of a proper beginning to the semester.

The sudden change brought about by preparation for exams, cramming, and the relaxation of homework after them cause a definite lapse in the study habits established during the first semester. This is the time to evaluate first semester achievement and to continue on with an attitude of improving on past effort. It is extremely easy to forget studies for the first few weeks of this new semester but it is improbable if not impossible to make up for those wasted hours when the pressure of assignments due, and mid-semester tests is brought to bear. Rather than give cause for more grey hairs in our already sparsely thatched faculty let them be uplifted by a rash of assignments turned in ahead of time. Then settle back and enjoy the scramble of those who waited as the soft spring air promotes sleep and lassitude.



FROSH QUEEN AND COURT

LEFT TO RIGHT — Dorothy Healey, Sandra Dow, Nancy Carney, Queen; Dorothy Palley's Sheila Johnson.

Freshmen Chatter

The long-awaited social event of the class of 1961 is now but a pleasant memory. A little bit of gay Paree was brought to all those who attended Melodie D'Amour. The theme was revealed in the lovely decorations and in the pleasing music of Ray Morton.

Certainly the highest of honors must go to the prom committee. Our class advisor, Mr. Taylor, and the members all worked diligently to make the prom a tremendous success. The chaperones were Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, Miss McKelligett, Miss Dowden, Mr. Paterson, and Mr. Joyal. The highlight of the evening was the crowning of the queen, Nancy Carney. Her court included Sandra Dow, Dorothy Palley's, Shelia Johnson, and Dorothy Healey.

The stork flew over the freshman class recently and left two darling daughters, one for the Joseph O'Connor's and the other for the Paul Doherty's. We are happy to announce that the anxious Daddy's are now doing fine with the exception of that two o'clock feeding.

Exams completed, our first thoughts were that we might have a short rest. Instead, we are faced with new subject matter and more hard work. But cheer up there is one consolation, spring vacation is just around the corner.

DO YOU BELIEVE

Greetings, fellow classcutters, it's that time again. Soon we begin that dash home to head off the mailman bearing his little billett-doux. (That means semester marks, stupid, poetic license.) Don't worry, you can't flunk out 1st semester anyway even if your average is only 1.009. There's a reason for this. Red tape you say. No, the understaffed, overworked office help can't get the marks on the book before tuition time is here. So after they've taken your money they can't bounce you because of achievement. However, be careful where you park your car. Otherwise the conversation on the home front will run like this. "Mother, they're having a special occasion at school tomorrow; they've extended a personal invitation to you and Dad. It's called the Re-Entrance Day. All those who just happen to park their cars up against the stone wall are the chosen ones. They come to school with their parents and amidst much ceremony etc. are re-entered. You can't make it. Well I was talking to the Navy recruiter yesterday yeah, a swell deal, 12 years active duty (Kodiak, Alaska) and the rest of your life active duty one night a week, four weekends a month,

and your two weeks annual vacation in the summer.

The "Greatest"

LOOK OUT! Your Manners Are Showing

It seems that in the whole history of Worcester State Teachers College there has never been such disgraceful, inconsiderate, ill-mannered behavior. What is the matter with the student body anyway??? Are you too embarrassed to display the few manners that you do possess?? Or is it just the **modus operandi** these days is to slam doors, clutter up the locker rooms and the corridors, and mutter and whisper during the Assembly period?

What kind of an opinion do you think our visitors will take back with them? They are called upon to be guest speakers, but they have to talk above your conversations. You show the same disregard for our own faculty members. This is a professional school. Why aren't the students professionally fit?

If you can't carry your own trays back to the counter in the cafeteria, then you're certainly not strong enough to carry responsibilities connected with teaching, and we don't need you. Not everyone is guilty of these offenses however, but if the dunce cap is your size put it on.

By the way, what has happened to the **esprit de corps**? Talk has been going around that State Teachers has been labelled a snap-school as well as just second rate. If you don't have more pride than that in your school, what are you doing here? Most likely the biggest

talkers are those that have flunked or have been asked to leave because they are undesirables. Just a word to the wise . . .

A.L.M. & L.T.L.

International Relations

The precariously balanced world of 1958 is like a house of cards.

Pull one card out, and the whole structure may come tumbling down in utter chaos. Which card is the most essential one? What issue will decide the fate of that card and of the entire world?

The Middle East Crisis?
The United Nations?
Nuclear Military Strategy?
Red China?

Or the all-important relationship between the two superpowers--

Continued on Page 4

Among graceful trees,
'Gainst sky of deep,
Deep blue of endless dreams,
The wanderer,
Lost in life's slight game
Unknown, travels
To earthly chores;
Seeking—here
There—
Happiness—
That lingers
One fragile speck of time,
Then scurries,
To leave a haunting fragrance
The wistful
Struggles to regain.

ETP

The Acorn

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EDITORIAL:

School Spirit--Ha!

Long after the symbol of twenty-one years of struggle and toil is capped by the awarding of a sheet of paper encased in leather which proclaims the bearer a graduate of W. S. T. C., there **should** remain that intangible something which welds a group into a solid brotherhood to form a foundation for ties-that-bind in the years ahead. School spirit should do it but, sad to tell, at this institution it is non-existent.

The nearest approach to a spirit of any kind is that evidenced by our cliques. Each clique is a select, narrow group of individuals wrapped up in its own petty little world with no time or thought for the good of Worcester State as a whole.

The number of divisions in our college defies count, but for the "edification of the uninitiated" we have the High School Clique. Usually freshmen from St. John's, North, South, etc. who consider association with others positively sinful. Then we have the "Other College Clique" usually girls who belong, by reason of a frat pin, to Holy Cross, Clark or dear old Tech. (Me thinks if Worcester had fraternities this might die out a bit — with succeeding generations.) Then there are the "Town Cliques" from Milford, Framingham, Shrewsbury, etc. with geography their only "raison d' etre." Oops — we mustn't forget the Sophisticates who would have attended Wellesley, Regis, The Cross, etc. if they had had the tuition or could pass the entrance examinations.

This situation is bad, but read on — it gets worse. The greatest division comes in the second semester Junior year and the first semester Senior year. The class is split into two by that monster Practice Teaching, and welded by invisible bonds into distinct and isolated groups labelled Elementaries and Secondaries. To massacre Kipling — Elementary is Elementary and Secondary is Secondary, and never the twain shall meet. **Never** — not even at the lunch table or in the smoker.

School Spirit — Ha!

HOPE

Beyond these clouds
There is a place
Where everything is bright.
A clear blue sky—
A sparkling pool—
Green, green trees.
A sunlit glade—
A rippling brook—
A whisper of a breeze.
The darkness hides it now,
But it is there.



OUR CHEERLEADERS!

LEFT TO RIGHT—Jean Jackola, Carol Clarey, Eva Rabadeux, Pat O'Reilly, Judy Galente, Sandra Hickey.

Our Economic Picture

Our current economic picture is not a very rosy one indeed. Not only here in New England but across the country the economic "pinch" is being felt. What has or what should be done to alleviate the hardships of the presently unemployed and those who are next to be laid-off?

A tax cut has been suggested by some financiers as a means of easing the financial strain. This would aid everyone, it is pointed out, including the government, although it would probably lead to greater deficit spending, nothing unusual in this day and age. Having a deficit is much more appealing than to have long lines of hungry unemployed. There are too many people alive today who vividly recall the bread-lines of yesteryear. It is believed however that a cut in personal income taxes should be the last alternative to bust up the current "recession." There are other means being proposed.

The current administration has its work cut out for them along these lines. Something is needed now, for the next six to eight weeks are supposedly the slack weeks of any business year. Some of the weapons being proposed are: easier credit and lower interest rates to aid the sick housing industry, easier borrowing of money by corporations to aid in plant expansions or improvements, and increased defense spending as a means to stimulate employment by creating new and more jobs. Mentioned too is increased spending on the vital Highway Bill and other public works projects. There is certainly an aura of confidence being perpetuated by financiers and politicians alike but the fact remains that we are in the most severe economic slump since 1948-49.

Voters all over the country are making themselves heard and what they are saying is that 5 million and upwards of unemployed is **not** the sign of a healthy recession. Reports during the past few weeks show that some people think that cases of hardship are being exaggerated however, fear awakens a people and fear of being out of a job and their savings dwindling awakens a people even more readily.

Some oppose a tax-cut as leading to an inflationary trend what with increased consumer buying but has not that been the trend during the past fifteen years. An upswing in business followed by a "healthy" recession seems to be standard operational procedure in the business world of today. . . .

DON McGRATH.

SOPHOMORE NEWS

To quote the poets, "Love is a many splendored thing."

In the spring a young man's fancy turns to baseball, drive-in movies, and the SOPHOMORE-SENIOR PROM. On April 25th all of the students will leave their world of notebooks, classrooms, lesson plans and instructors, and fly away to the moonlight Land of Nod for an evening of "getting to know you," while they dance to the mystical tones of a local Jackie Gleason.

The chairmen and assistant chairmen of the committees for the Sophomore Prom have been posted on the board. A more detailed list of "helpers" to work on these committees will probably be posted on the board by the time the paper is published or shortly after that.

At this moment we cannot tell you where the prom will be held. But when the place is finally decided upon we will let you know about it.

Some very appropriate names were suggested for the prom. The title that we chose was, "I'll Remember April."

Meanwhile I hope everyone will keep that date—April 25, 1958, in mind. It is quite an important date.

Congratulations to the following Sophomores who received engagement rings recently: Frannie Young and Doris Geronimo.

As We See It

Lately, as you have passed through these corridors, you may have noticed a large number of new faces. You may have asked, "Who are these people, strangers, who started classes at mid-term?" Well the answer probably is that these are conquering heroes who have returned from their battlefields, the Senior Secondaries. They, as are their fellow Elementary classmates, a group of young men and women who feel that they have faced their hour of greatest test in W.S.T.C. and through some manner unknown to them, survived. These are truly a courageous lot.

Out there on that battleground of wits, these people have served and have managed to return victoriously. Do you know what it feels like to suddenly be standing in front of thirty searching faces and sixty staring eyes that just wait for you to utter your first words? If you do, then you have survived one of the greatest crisis of your life, you have fought your battle.

But what of this battle of which we speak? Is it true that the enemy has hundreds of tricks at his disposal with which he may overcome you? Well the fact of the matter is that this enemy whom you first fear to encounter is actually nothing more than a friendly foe who once he knows you and understands you can be a great ally to you. These unpredictable individuals can make you feel like a king one day, and on the very next, make you wish that you had never been born. But when all is said and done and you look back on those few short months you realize that you have met, taught and enjoyed the greatest group of people in the world, your own students.

Exit
Basketball

Hi There
Baseball!!

BOOK REVIEW

A CERTAIN SMILE

By Francoise Sagan

This is a new novel by a twenty year old French girl, who was acclaimed to fame with her first book *Bonjour Tristesse*.

A Certain Smile is the sensitive and provocative story about a compelling and foolish love of a young girl. Dominique, a typical French college student, is in love with Bertrand, who is terribly boring. They have very little in common, but nevertheless, they are still in love.

The plot of this story is familiar. Dominique meets Luc, Bertrand's married uncle, and is attracted by him. The relationship first begins as a common friendship with Luc and his wife. Time passes and Luc persuades Dominique to have an affair.

The affair turns out quite ironical. Dominique agrees to the affair only because she is drawn to Luc, and yet she is determined that she will never be hurt by this esca-

pade. They live together for two glorious weeks and at the end of this time, Dominique finds herself deeply in love with Luc. They return to Paris, but by now, his wife and Bertrand know about the romance. The wife speaks to the "other woman" but the problem is left unsettled. Dominique, originally apathetic, cannot live without Luc, yet realizes she must. There is no happy solution to her dilemma; Luc loves her, but he loves his wife even more.

She is the only forsaken person in the story, and loses everyone she loves. Ironically, she is the only one who does get hurt and left alone.

The novel was enjoyable although the "triangle aspect" is universal and is used quite extensively. The author is overly preoccupied with sex, but that seems to be what the public wants, because this novel was one of the best-sellers. A.B.O.

Better Believe It!

Has it ever occurred to you how things just seem to happen sometimes no matter how we as humans try to intervene? Take, for instance, the party that we had planned for weeks. Carefully selecting the guests, music, and format of activities we check all possible factors to be sure of a big success. The big night comes, everyone is there, the music is "just right," the refreshments superb—all the ingredients . . . yet something is missing and the party is a flop.

Comes a Friday night when there is nothing to do and what happens? You mention in the smoker that you might drop into Joe's. When you get to Joe's everybody who is anybody is there and although the music is terrible, the atmosphere stifling, and the refreshments ridiculous, you have a complete ball.

This phenomenon happens often in the age old boy meets girl story. I see a freshman who is a living doll. For weeks I do my best to impress her. When she is talking to a person that I know I usually happen to pass by and strike up a conversation. I practice before a mirror the smiles that are most "fetching." I rehearse what I am going to say and how I will say it. Then I finally am convinced that I have her "snowed." It's a plain Tuesday. I wear my new three button ivy league sport coat. My shoes would make a gyrene turn green with envy. A new tie and white shirt should cinch the deal but I go a step further, I get a haircut (in the middle of the week yet). Everything is set. I carefully and subtly keep an eye on her all day waiting for the opportune moment. It finally comes. We "happen" to meet on the back stairway. My preliminary conversation has been practiced time and time again. I work up to the big question. This is it.

"Your're going to be busy Saturday night? You're going to be busy from now on? What can I say?"

Forelorn, frustrated, and a woman hater from now on I decide to make Friday night a bachelor night. I don't shave, wear my November to February chinos (I change them every four months whether I need to or not), and even forget to comb my hair. While waiting for Billy downtown a voluptuous blonde approaches me.

"Bobby, how have you been?" And God created woman. She's a knockout! What a dish. Who is she? How could I forget that fig. . . . face. You say that you are on your way to the library to get a book? You want something to read because Saturday nights get so dull.

I sure hope Billy doesn't wait for me for too long.

If the reader knew nothing about me before, he now knows that I'm a dreamer. If there are any voluptuous blondes reading this . . . I'll be down town Friday night.

FOUG

Through Hornrimmed Glasses

There are two types of cats in this world. There's the joker who is well liked, polite, and fair in everything he does and then there is the other extreme. Today we will discuss the former.

Whenever Ralph is faced with a decision of honor, truth, or chivalry there is no doubt in our minds what he will do. Think about the typical Ralphs that you know. Undoubtedly he will do the thing that is right.

Some people would call him a nice guy. Others would call him a chump. I call him a good kid.

Let's look closer at this unique breed of homo-sapien. We all know them. Fine upstanding youths in the community trying to make good. They are polite to women, kindly to animals, and are always smiling — even during exams.

But don't take my opinion of Ralph. Let us ask some outsider. A girl would be our best bet. We pick Neome to look Ralph over. As she observes him she notes his good grooming, polite way, and professional manner. She recalls how he usually makes a big hit with old ladies and stray dogs. She has seen him blush when off color stories are told in mixed company.

All these things she recalls and realizes that Ralph is a nice boy. She had never really looked at him before. Now comes the big test. We ask Neome if she would like to go out with Ralph. The answer is expected. Ralph is a good kid but. . . .

A good kid BUT. . . . Maties, take a lesson from this tragedy in four words. Methinks old Ralphie has missed the boat. For the first time since Billy Shakespeare laid down

Fate's poor victim, The menacing thud, the grovelling churn, the death, the silence even more deadily.

Bending low and staring cold, hot blood coursing through vibrant limbs, The fondling of silver gun was made, and a sudden exchange its result.

Exit made and mount affected, riding high with haughty pride, A gunman has been created, through the folly of one's despair.

Windblown town and fateful day, marked for destiny and those who care, Has set upon the lonely road, a beast of prey to himself and man.

Ronald Allen.

WINDBLOWN TOWN

Windblown town and fateful day, marked for destiny and those who care,

The sudden approach of rider there, sitting low on a half-starved roan.

Dark face bristled, chaps all torn, showing evidence of winds' cruel touch.

Burning eyes of blackest hue, sensitive to image and thought alike.

Hollowed cheeks, lips drawn tight, holding a smoke which needed some fire,

A livid scar slashing over the cheek, proclaiming a warrior and possibly more.

A swayback plug of mangy coat, disgracing master and peerage both,

Struggling to reach the inner moat, seeking a peace and rest within.

Gaining the post painfully slow, quivering from fever's torrid swell,

The awaited dismount, the grateful caress, gave promise of replenishment and ease.

Ringling spurs on hollow-toned boards, announcing both path and arrival,

Silent swung door being framed by a form of ungainly and ragged condition.

A moments delay of straight forward stare, allowing for detailed appraisal,

Showed times mellowing hand would soon make a man of a boy.

Gun hanging low, tied to the left, warning of no churlish pup Butt deeply notched, prolific in

years, gaining in age with each owner.

Drinks there were three, another on the house, adding to mirth and good humor,

With newness worn low, conversation resumed, creating a boisterous swell.

Out from the corner came a hideous laugh, demanding that silence should reign.

The upwelling din faltered, then died, heeding that ominous rasp.

Clothed not save black, mustached and grim, standing alone in the light.

Speaking quite low, chiding at best, addressing scorn to our friend.

Hand-tooled boots, vest to match, proclaiming a profession well paid,

The radiant glow of a silver gun, its beauty had killed so many.

Stinging words most sharply felt, making him to face a venomous prey,

A stubborn gleam of smoldering rage, answering a challenge that was mutually made.

Heartbeat wild and face fire-red, ready for Fate's secret held, The final moment rushing on, forcing the future and reality to swerve.

Pitiless demon and pitiful boy, facing what could be their end,

The distance paced on the gritty floor, demanding a fulfillment of rashness made.

The draw, the sound, the bullets whine, bringing death to

his Paper-Mate do we find a more truly tragic character. (Check and see if he doesn't measure up to the tragic character).

Let us liken the game of life to a game of sports. Suppose that we are forming a basketball team. We go out into the highways and by-ways in order to recruit talent for our team. Now, I ask you, do we look for players who score baskets or do we look for the boy with the best morals. Do we want to win ball games or do we want to impress the grandmothers of our rival teams.

One of the schools leading philosophers, Frank (what's the category) Crimmins, is credited with summing up the situation perfectly, in five words. I'm sure that all the Ralphies (those goodie-good kids) and the Billies (the bad actors) will agree. So think about it and learn a lesson.

Just remember, GOOD KIDS DON'T WIN BALLGAMES.



AMONG THOSE AT SOPHOMORE PROM !

Lancers Make Play



OUR BASKETBALL TEAM!

LEFT TO RIGHT—Kneeling, Dick Brierly, Jack Simoncini, Red Cooney, Ron Speckauskis, Norm Foisey; Rear, Binnie O'Leary, Bert Bolduc, Captain Fran McDevitt, Joe O'Connor, Tom Murphy, Bob Dunne, Nunny George.

Algebraic X

Oh, X, how I do loathe you
You slippery old unknown,
I'm sure you hold the record
For the sorrows you have sown.
I seek you in the darkness
That forms my mental night,
And when I think I have you
You vanish from my sight.

Your heart is full of mischief
Brewing troubles by the peck,
If ever I do corner you
Be sure I'll wring your neck.
But, X, I want to warn you
You really must beware,
Or you'll never get to Heaven
For there are no secrets there.
C. P.

RONDEAU

O remorseless youth that steals my bitterness
With innocent declaration of love
And holds to me the challenge of life
While in my heart I long for peace!
Don't you know the wealth of greed
That claims all men and even you,
When thus you trust me in your honor,
Binding me with golden chains.

O remorseless youth!

I would laugh at your conception,
Did I not think you sincere,
For I believe that life is nothing
And you believe that life is real.
Still I feel your arms around me—

O remorseless youth!

TREES

I think that I shall never see
A girl refuse a meal that's free:
A girl whose hungry eyes aren't fixed
Upon a drink that's being mixed.
A girl who won't forever wear
A bunch of junk to match her hair:
A girl who looks at boys all day
And figures ways to make them pay.
Girls are loved by jerks like me
Cause who the heck wants to kiss a tree.

ON
THE
JOB



...for you

playmaking and scoring as Charlie George, has begun to find the range he had last year. There is no question that the Lancers have missed captain McDevitt, who was out for a month with an ankle injury. His soft jumper from outside has helped considerably. Joe O'Connor has certainly helped the



Coach Eager and Captain Fran McDevitt

ODDS & ENDS

ON THE NOBILITY

Lo! Who is this close-cropped, three-button lord
Mincing majestically over the sward?
His lofty manner, his regal demeanor,
Ennoble the bourgeois campus scene;
Strike awe in the hearts of the hoi polloi,
Admire the sophisticate, Brook's Brothers Boy!

Tossing his scarf over his tweeds,
Straight to his art-laden room he proceeds.
He fires his pipe, and straightens his tie,
And into the glass he casts confident eye:
"Elegant mirror adorning my wall,
Who is the iviest of them all?"

then at the Arena recently placing fifth in the five team round-robin, the Independents tied both Worcester Tech and Holy Cross.

Of course, their lack of experience and depth shows but they play together very well. Dick Pleshaw, coach of the squad, was outstanding as was Phil Anastis. There were many comments at rinkside about the speed and agility of Pleshaw. Holy Cross' coach Mel Massucco was high in his praise about the playmaking of Dick.

After the Christmas recess, the Independents routed the Nichols Jr. College team 7-4 with Pleshaw getting six of the goals.

Intl. Relations

Continued from Page 1

Russia and the United States? It is a matter of debate, of course.

The United States is a relatively new nation enjoying a favorable balance of power as a result of its tremendous technological and military advances. She does not control the world. Neither does Russia. But their decision to avoid or risk war will affect all areas and issues now in flux. If either one risks starting a war, who knows what will happen? If, on the other hand, they avoid it, who shall be the victor of the war? What are the weapons of a cold war? Nationalism and anti-colonialism are proving more powerful than the most modern atomic weapons.

Ideas, as has been true again and again in history, survive all kinds of tyranny.

Therefore, it is the ideas which the U. S. promulgates, that are most important in determining our relations with the international. These relations, in turn, will decide our fate in this world complex.

Thomas W. McGrain.